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THE POLITE PHILOSOPHER:

OR, AN

ESSAY

ON THAT

ART

WHICH

Makes a MAN Happy in HIMSELF, and Agreeable to OTHERS.

The SECOND EDITION, with Amendments and Additions.

He who intends t'advise the YOUNG *and* GAY,
Must quit the common Road——the formal Way
Which Hum-drum Pedants take to make Folks wise,
By praising Virtue, and decrying Vice.
Let Parsons *tell what dreadful Ills will fall*
On such as listen when their Passions call:
We from such Things our Pupils to affright,
Say not they're SINS, *but that they're* UNPOLITE.
To shew their Courage, Beaus *would often dare*
By blackest Crimes, to brave old Lucifer:
But who, of Breeding nice, of Carriage civil,
Would trespass on Good-manners for the Devil;
Or, merely to display his Want of Fear,
Be damn'd hereafter, *to be laugh'd at* here?

LONDON,

Printed by J. WILSON: And Sold by E. NUTT, at the *Royal-Exchange*; and A. DODD, without *Temple-Bar*.
MDCCXXXVI. (Price One Shilling.)

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PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

THE POLITE PHILOSOPHER was printed originally at *Edinburgh*, and Part of the Edition ſent up to *London*. The Novelty of the Title, and to ſay Truth of the Performance itſelf, for it is written in a manner never before made uſe of in our Language, recommended it to ſome, and prejudiced it in the Opinion of others; but Time, which is the Touch-ſtone of ſuch Productions, did Juſtice to this Work, and at laſt procur'd it an Eſteem not only here but abroad. This,

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together with my great Esteem for its ingenious Author, who is now in *Italy*, and who is allow'd by all who know him, to be truly a POLITE PHILOSOPHER, occasion'd my sending this Second Edition into the World.

THE Intent of the Author, for I very well knew his Intent, was to make Men asham'd of their Vices, by shewing them how ridiculous they were made by them, and how impossible it was for a bad Man to be Polite. It may be, graver Books have been written on this Subject, but few more to the Point; its Author being equally skill'd in Books and in Men, in the dead Languages and the living: I presume therefore, that his Observations will be generally found true, and his Maxims just.

AT first Sight it may seem that this Book is calculated only for a few; but I beg leave to observe, that in truth there are but few to whom it may not be useful. As

every

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every Man in his Station ought to be honeſt, ſo every Man in his Behaviour may be Polite: nay, he ought to be ſo, becauſe he will be ſure to find his account in it; ſince it is a Quality eaſier diſcern'd, and of conſequence ſooner rewarded, than the former. We muſt know and converſe with a Man, to be convinced of his Probity; whereas we perceive at firſt Sight whether he has Good-manners, by this we are prejudiced in his Favour: and who then would not ſtrive to learn an Art at once ſo eaſy, and ſo extenſive in its Uſe?

BUT if it be beneficial to All, it is peculiarly neceſſary to YOUTH. It is at once a Remedy for Baſhfulneſs, and a Preſervative againſt the contrary Vice. A Polite Perſon ſtands in the Middle between a ſheepiſh Modeſty, and a diſtaſteful Boldneſs. 'Tis the Habit which adds the laſt Poliſh to Education, brightens the Man of Letters, and ſpreads a Gloſs over that Sort of Learning which would otherwiſe ap-

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pear pedantick. The Polite Man may not only understand *Latin* and *Greek*, but may also introduce them into Discourse, provided it be before proper Company, and on a proper Occasion. The unpolished Scholar lugs them in whenever they occur; quotes OVID to his Mistress, and repeats a Passage from POLYÆNUS to a Captain of the Guards. To our Youth therefore I beg leave to recommend this concise Manual, which will cost them but little Time to read, and no great Pains to practise.

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To the AUTHOR of the POLITE PHILOSOPHER.

---- Velat materna tempora MYRTO. *Virg.*

WHEN Vice, the Shelter of a Mask disdain'd,
When Folly triumph'd, and a NERO *reign'd,*
PETRONIUS *rose, Satiric, yet Polite,*
And shew'd the glaring Monster full in Sight;
To publick Mirth expos'd the Imperial Beast,
And made his wanton Court the common Jest.

IN your correcter Page his Wit we see,
And all the Roman *lives restor'd in thee.*
So is the Piece proportion'd to our Times,
For ev'ry Age diversifies its Crimes;
And Vice, with PROTEUS*-Art, in one conceals*
What in the next more boldly it reveals:
In different Shapes drives on the Lashing-Trade,
And makes the World one changing Masquerade.

THE

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THE griping Wretch, whose Av'rice robs the Town,
To gain his Point, a holy Look puts on;
To Earth directs his Hands, to Heaven his Eyes,
And, with a Shew of Grace, defrauds and lies.
Th'ambitious Courtier, but for diff'rent Ends,
With seeming Zeal the Publick Good defends.
Th' Enthusiast thinks to him the Standard giv'n
Of Truth Divine, the Master-Key of Heav'n.
The Pettifogger fee'd, supports the Cause
Howe'er unjust, and wrests the injur'd Laws.
To Courage Bullies; Fops to Wit pretend;
And all can prostitute the Name of Friend.
Yet tho' Men want but Eyes to see the Cheat,
They chuse to wink, and help their own Deceit.
The Herd of Fools resign themselves a Prey
Which every Knave pursues his private Way.

THE Question, FORRESTER, *is something hard;*
How shall the Wise the motley Scene regard?

While

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While Men ourſelves, can we unmov'd ſtand by?
Pain'd ſhall we ſmile? or guiltleſs ſhall we cry?
Humanity to Grief *wou'd give the Rule,*
But ſtronger Reaſon ſides with Ridicule.

O! that thy Work, inſtructive but refin'd,
The pleaſing Image of your eaſy Mind,
(Which, like the Statues wrought by Phidian *Art,*
Is one fair Whole, compleat in every Part)
May cure the lighter Follies of the Age,
Cool Bigot-Zeal, and ſoften Party-Rage;
Expoſe Ill-Nature, Pedantry o'ercome,
Strike Affectation dead, and Scandal dumb;
Reſtore free Converſe to its native Light,
And teach Mankind, with Eaſe, to grow Polite.

THEN round thy Brow the Myrtle Garland twine,
The grateful Recompence of Toils like thine:
Secure in all you write or do, to pleaſe,
Join Wit with Senſe, with Underſtanding Eaſe.

Already

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Already here your just Applauses rise,
And the BELLES *read you with transported Eyes.*
Some in the sweetest Notes repeat thy Lays,
Others harmonious, speak the Author's Praise;
All to approve, with equal Zeal conspire:
What more can Fortune give? --- or you desire.

AS PARIS, *left in passionate Surprize,*
To Love's *resistless Queen assign'd the Prize;*
So while you Beauty *treat with such Regard,*
The lovely Theme shall be your best Reward;
VENUS *shall from the Shepherd's Debt be free,*
And, by the Favrite Fair, repay the Debt to thee.

THE

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THE POLITE PHILOSOPHER.

METHOD requires that, in my Entrance on this Work, I ſhould explain the Nature of that Science to which I have given the Name of POLITE PHILOSOPHY; and tho' I'm not very apt to write methodically, yet I think it becomes me, on this occaſion, to ſhew that my Title is ſomewhat *a propos*.

FOLKS who are skill'd in *Greek*, tell us, that PHILOSOPHY means no more than the *Love of Wiſdom*; and I, by the Adjunction of POLITE, would be underſtood to mean that Sort of Wiſdom which teaches Men to be at Peace in themſelves, and neither by their Words or Behaviour to diſturb the Peace of others.

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ACADEMICAL Criticks may, perhaps, expect that I ſhould, at leaſt, quote ſome *Greek* Sage or other, as the Patron of that kind of Knowledge which I am about to reſtore; and, as I pique myſelf on obliging every Man in his way, I ſhall put them in mind of one ARISTIPPUS, who was Profeſſor of *Polite Philoſophy* at *Syracuſe*, in the Days of the famous King DIONYSIUS, in whoſe Favour he ſtood higher than even PLATO himſelf. Should they go farther, and demand an account of his Tenets, I muſt turn them over to HORACE, who has compriſed them all in one Line.

Omnis ARISTIPPUM *decuit color, & ſtatus, & res.*

Secure his Soul preſerv'd a conſtant Frame;
Through ev'ry varying Scene of Life the ſame.

IN the Court of the King of *Sicily*, this wiſe Man enjoy'd all the Delights that would have ſatisfy'd a ſenſual Mind; but it was the Uſe of theſe which ſhewed him a true Philoſopher: He was temperate in them, while he poſſeſſed them; and eaſy without them, when they were no longer in his power. In a word, he had the Integrity of DIOGENES, without his Churliſhneſs; and as

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as his Wisdom was useful to himself, so it render'd him agreeable to the rest of the World.

ARISTIPPUS had many Pupils; but for the regular Succession in his School, it has either not been recorded by the *Greek* Writers, or at least by any of them that have come to my Hand. Among the *Romans*, indeed, this kind of Knowledge was in the highest Esteem, and that at the Time when the Reputation of the Commonwealth was at its greatest Height. SCIPIO was less distinguished by the Lawrels he acquired from foreign Conquests, than by the Myrtle Garland he wore as a Professor in this Art. The familiar Letters of CICERO are so many short Lectures in our Science, and the Life of POMPONIUS ATTICUS a Praxis only on *Polite Philosophy*.

I WOULD not be suspected to mention these great Names, with an Intent to display my Learning; far be it from me to write a Satire on the Age: All I aim at, is to convince the *Beaux Esprits* of our Times, that what I teach they may receive without Disparagement, since they tread thereby in the same Road with the greatest Heroes of Antiquity; and, in this way at least, emulate the Characters of ALEXANDER and CÆSAR. Or, if those old-fashion'd Commanders excite not their Ambition, I will venture to assure them, that in this Track only, they will be

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able to approach the immortal Prince EUGENE; who, glorious from his Courage, and amiable from his Clemency, is yet less distinguished by his *Rank*, than by his *Politeness*.

AFTER naming Prince EUGENE, it would debase my Subject to add another Example; I shall proceed therefore to the taking notice of such Qualities of the Mind as are requisite for my Pupils to have, previous to the Receipt of these Instructions.

BUT, as Vanity is one of the greatest Impediments in the Road of a *Polite Philosopher*, and, as he who takes upon him to be a *Preceptor*, ought, at least, not to give an ill Example to his Scholars; it will not be improper for me to declare, that, in composing this Piece, I had in my Eye that Precept of SENECA, *Hæc aliis dic, ut dum dicis audias, ipse scribe, ut dum scripseris legas.* Which, for the sake of the Ladies, I shall translate into *English*; and into Verse, that I may gratify my own Propensity to Rhyming.

Speaking to others, what you dictate hear;
And learn yourself, while teaching you appear.

THUS you see me stripp'd of the ill-obey'd Authority of a Pedagogue, and are for the future

to

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to consider me only as a School-fellow playing the Master, that we may the better conquer the Difficulties of our Task.

To proceed then in the Character, which, for my own sake as well as yours, I have put on, let me remind you, in the first Place,

THAT *Reason*, however antique you may think it, is a Thing absolutely necessary in the Composition of him who endeavours at acquiring a *philosophical Politeness*; and let us receive it as a Maxim, That without *Reason* there's no being a *Fine Gentleman*.

HOWEVER, to soften at the same time that we yield to this Constraint, I tell my blooming Audience with Pleasure, that *Reason*, like a Fop's Under-waistcoat, may be wore out of sight; and, provided it be but worn at all, I shall not quarrel with them, though Vivacity, like a laced Shirt, be put over to conceal it: For, to pursue the Comparison, our Minds suffer no less from *Indiscretion*, than our Bodies from the Injuries of Weather.

NEXT to this, another out-of-the-way Qualification must be acquired, and that is *Calmness*. Let not the Smarts of the University, the Sparks

of

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of the Side-boxes, or the genteel Flutterers of the Drawing-room, imagine that I will deprive them of thoſe elevated Enjoyments, drinking Tea with a *Toaſt*, gallanting a Fan, or roving, like a Butterfly, through a Parterre of *Beauties*: No, I am far from being the Author of ſuch ſevere Inſtitutions; but am, on the contrary, willing to indulge them in their Pleaſures, as long as they preſerve their *Senſes*. By which I would be underſtood to mean, while they act in Character, and ſuffer not a fond Inclination, an aſpiring Vanity, or a giddy Freedom, to tranſport them into the doing any Thing which may forfeit preſent Advantages, or entail upon them future Pain.

I SHALL have frequent occaſion, in the following Pages, to ſhew, from Examples, of what mighty Uſe *Reaſon*, and an *undiſturbed Temper*, are to Men of great Commerce in the World, and therefore ſhall inſiſt no farther on them here.

THE laſt Diſpoſition of the Soul which I ſhall mention, as neceſſary to him who would become a Proficient in this Science, is *Good-Nature*; a Quality, which, as Mr. DRYDEN ſaid in a Dedication to one of the beſt-natur'd Men of his Time, deſerves the higheſt Eſteem, though, from an unaccountable Depravity both of Taſte and Morals, 'it meets with the leaſt. For can there be

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be any Thing more amiable in human Nature, than to think, to ſpeak, and to do, whatever Good lies in our Power unto All? No Man who looks upon the Sun, and who feels that Chearfulneſs which his Beams inſpire, but would rather wiſh himſelf like ſo glorious a Being, than to reſemble the *Tyger*, however formidable for its Fierceneſs, or the *Serpent*, hated for his Hiſſing, and dreaded for his Sting. *Good-Nature* may, indeed, be made almoſt as diffuſive as Day-light; but ſhort are the Ravages of the *Tyger*, innocent the Bite of a *Serpent*, to the Vengeance of a *canker'd Heart*, or the Malice of an *envenom'd Tongue*. To this let me add another Argument in Favour of this Benevolence of Soul, and farther Perſuaſions will, I flatter myſelf, be unneceſſary. *Good-Nature* adorns every Perfection a Man is Maſter of, and throws a Veil over every Blemiſh which would otherwiſe appear. In a word, like a *skilful Painter*, it places his Virtues in the faireſt Light, and caſts all his Foibles into Shade.

THUS, in a few Words, *Senſe*, *Moderation*, and *Sweetneſs* are eſſential to a *Polite Philoſopher*: And if you think you can't acquire *theſe*, e'en lay my Book aſide; but before you do that, indulge me yet a Moment longer. Nature denies the firſt to few; the ſecond is in every Man's Power; and no Man need be without the laſt, who

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who either values general Esteem, or is not indifferent to publick Hate. For, to say Truth, what is necessary to make an honest Man, properly applied, would make a polite one: and as almost every one would take it amiss, if we should deny him the first Appellation; so you may perceive from thence, how few there are, who, but from their own Indiscretion, may deserve the second. It is Want of Attention, not Capacity, which leaves us so many Brutes; and I flatter my self there will be fewer of this Species, if any of them can be prevailed on to read this. A Description of their Faults is to such the fittest Lecture; for few Monsters there are who can view themselves in a Glass.

Our Follies, when display'd, ourselves affright,
Few are so bad, to bear the odious Sight.
Mankind, in Herds, thro' Force of Custom stray;
Mislead each other into Error's Way;
Pursue the Road, forgetful of the End,
Sin by Mistake, and without Thought offend.

MY Readers who have perhaps been many of them accustomed to think *Politeness* rather an ornamental Accomplishment, than a Thing necessary to be acquired in order to an easy and happy Life, may, from thence, pay less Attention than

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than my Instructions require, unless I can convince them they are in the wrong. In order to which, I must put them in mind, that the Tranquillity, and even Felicity of our Days, depends as strongly on *small* Things, as on *great*; of which Men may be easily convinced, if they but reflect how great Uneasiness they have experienc'd from cross Accidents, although they related but to *Trifles*; and at the same time remember, that *Disquiet* is of all others the greatest Evil, let it arise from what it will.

NOW, in the Concerns of *Life*, as in those of *Fortune*, Numbers are brought into what are called bad Circumstances, from small Neglects, rather than from any great Errors in material Affairs. People are too apt to think lightly of Shillings and Pence, forgetting that they are the constituent Parts of Pounds, until the Deficiency in the greater Article, shew them their Mistake, and convince them, by fatal Experience, of a Truth which they might have learnt from a little Attention, *viz.* that great Sums are made up of small.

EXACTLY parallel to this, is that wrong Notion which many have, that nothing more is due from them to their Neighbours, than what results from a Principle of Honesty, which commands us to pay our Debts, and forbids us to do

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Injuries: Whereas a thouſand little *Civilities*, *Complacencies*, and *Endeavours* to give others Pleaſure, are requiſite to keep up the Reliſh of Life, and procure us that Affection and Eſteem which every Man, who has a Senſe of it, muſt deſire. And in the right timeing and diſcreet Management of theſe Punctilio's, conſiſts the Eſſence of what we call *Politeneſs*.

How many know the general Rules of Art,
Which unto Tablets human Form impart?
How many can depict the riſing Brow,
The Noſe, the Mouth, and every Feature ſhew?
Can, in their Colours, imitate the Skin,
And, by the Force of Fire, can fix them in?
Yet, when 'tis done, unpleaſing to the Sight,
Tho' like the Picture, ſtrikes not with Delight:
'Tis ZINK *alone gives the enamell'd Face*
A poliſh'd Sweetneſs, and a gloſſy Grace.

EXAMPLES have, generally ſpeaking, greater Force than Precepts: I will therefore delineate the Characters of HONORIUS and GARCIA, two Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, whoſe Humours I have perfectly conſider'd, and ſhall repreſent them without the leaſt Exaggeration.

HO-

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HONORIUS is a Perſon equally diſtinguiſh'd by his *Birth* and *Fortune*. He has, naturally, *Good Senſe*, and that too hath been improved by a regular Education. His Wit is lively, and his Morals without a Stain. ----- Is not this an amiable Character? Yet HONORIUS is not beloved. He has, ſome way or other, contracted a Notion, that it is beneath a Man of Honour to fall below the Height of Truth in any Degree, or on any Occaſion whatſoever. From this Principle he ſpeaks bluntly what he thinks, without regarding the Company who are by. Some Weeks ago he read a Lecture on female Hypocriſy before a married Couple, though the Lady was much ſuſpected on that Head. Two Hours after he fell into a warm Declamation againſt *Simony* and *Prieſtcraft*, before two Dignitaries of the Church. And, from a continued Courſe of this ſort of Behaviour, hath render'd himſelf dreaded as a Monitor, inſtead of being eſteemed as a Friend.

GARCIA, on the contrary, came into the World under the greateſt Diſadvantages. His *Birth* was mean, and his *Fortune* not to be mention'd: Yet, though he is ſcarce Forty, he has acquired a handſome Eſtate in the Country, and lives on it with more Reputation than moſt of his Neighbours. While a Servitor at the Univerſity,

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he, by his Aſſiduities, recommended himſelf to a noble Lord, and thereby procured a Place of fifty Pounds a Year, in a publick Office. His Behaviour there made him as many Friends as there were Perſons belonging to that Board. His Readineſs in doing Favours, gained him the Hearts of his Inferiors; his Deference for thoſe in the higheſt Characters in the Office, procured him their Good-will; and the Complacency he expreſs'd to his Equals, and thoſe immediately above him, made them eſpouſe his Intereſt with almoſt as much Warmth as they did their own. By this Management, in ten Years time, he roſe to the Poſſeſſion of an Office which brought him in a Thouſand Pounds a Year Salary, and near double as much in Perquiſites. Affluence hath made no Alteration in his Manners. The ſame Eaſineſs of Diſpoſition attends him in that Fortune to which it has raiſed him; and he is, at this Day, the Delight of all who know him, from an Art he has of perſuading them, that their Pleaſures and their Intereſts are equally dear to him with his own. Who, if it were in his power, would refuſe what HONORIUS poſſeſſes? And who would not wiſh that Poſſeſſion accompanied with GARCIA's Diſpoſition?

I FLATTER myſelf, that by this Time moſt of my Readers have acquired a tolerable Idea of *Politeneſs*, and a juſt Notion of its Uſe in our

Paſſage

Paſſage through Life: I muſt, however caution them of one Thing; that, under Pretence of *Politeneſs*, they fall neither into a Contempt or Careleſſneſs of *Science*.

A MAN may have much Learning without being a *Pedant*: Nay, it is neceſſary that he ſhould have a conſiderable Stock of *Knowledge* before he can be *Polite*. The Gloſs is never given till the Work is finiſhed; without it the beſt-wrought Piece looks clumſy: But Varniſh over a rough Board, is a prepoſterous Daub. In a word, that Rule of HORACE, *Miſcere utile dulci*, ſo often quoted, can never be better applied, than in the preſent Caſe, where neither of the Qualities can ſubſiſt without the other.

With Dreſs, for once, the Rule of Life we'll place,
Cloth is plain Senſe, and poliſh'd Breeding Lace.
Men may in both miſtake the true Deſign;
Fools oft are tawdry, when they would be fine:
An equal Mixture, both of Uſe and Show,
From giddy Fops, points the accompliſh'd Beaux.

HAVING now gone through the *Præcognita* of *Polite Philoſophy*, 'tis requiſite we ſhould deſcend

ſcend with greater Particularity into its ſeveral Branches.

FOR though *Exactneſs* would not be of a Piece either with the Nature or Intent of this Work, yet ſome Order is abſolutely neceſſary, becauſe nothing is more unpolite than to be obſcure. Some Philoſophers have, indeed, prided themſelves in a *myſterious* way of Speaking; wrapping their Maxims in ſo tough a Coat, that the Kernel, when found, ſeldom atoned for the Pains of the Finder.

THE *polite Sage* thinks in quite a different way. *Perſpicuity* is the Garment in which his Conceptions appear; and his Sentiments, if they are of any Uſe, carry this additional Advantage with them, that ſcarce any Labour is required in attaining them. Graver Diſcourſes, like *Galenical* Medicines, are often formidable in their Figure, and nauſeous in their Taſte. Lectures from a Doctor in our Science, like a chemical Extraction, convey Knowledge as it were by Drops, and reſtore Senſe, as the other does Health, without the *Apparatus* of Phyſick.

Harſh to the Heart, and grating to the Ear,
Who can Reproof without Reluctance hear?

Why

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Why againſt Prieſts the gen'ral Hate ſo ſtrong,
But that they ſhew us all we do is wrong?
Wit *well apply'd, does weightier* Wiſdom *right,*
And gives us Knowledge, *while it gives* Delight.
Thus on the Stage *we with Applauſe behold*
What would have pain'd us from the Pulpit *told.*

IT is now time to apply what we have already advanced, to thoſe Points in which they may be the moſt uſeful to us; and therefore we will begin by conſidering what Advantage the Practice of them will procure, in reſpect to thoſe three Things which are eſteemed of the greateſt Conſequence in the general Opinion of the World. This leads me, in the firſt Place, to explain the Sentiments and Conduct of a *Polite Philoſopher*, in regard to *Religion*. I am not ignorant, that there are a Multitude of thoſe who paſs both on the World, and on themſelves, for very *Polite* Perſons, who look on *this* as a Topick below their Notice. *Religion*, ſay they with a Sneer, is the Companion of melancholly Minds; but, for the gayer Part of the World, it is Ill-manners to mention it amongſt them. Be it ſo. But give me leave to add, that there is no ranker Species of Ill-Breeding, than ſpeaking of it ſarcaſtically, or with Contempt.

"RE-

"RELIGION, ſtrictly ſpeaking, means that "Worſhip which Men, from a Senſe of Duty, "pay to that *Being* unto whom they owe their "own Exiſtence, with all thoſe Bleſſings and Be-"nefits which attend it."

LET a Man but reflect on this Definition, and it will be impoſſible for him not to perceive, that treating this in a ludicrous way, muſt not only be unpolite, but ſhocking. Who, that has a Regard for a Man, would not ſtart at the Thoughts of ſaying a baſe Thing of his Father before him? And yet what a Diſtance is there between the Notion of a *Father* and a *Creator!* Since therefore no farther Arguments are neceſſary to prove the Inconſiſtence between *Raillery* and *Religion*, what can be more cogent to a *Polite Man*, than thus ſhewing, that ſuch Diſcourſes of his would be *mal a propos?*

THUS much for thoſe who might be guilty of *Unpoliteneſs* with reſpect to *Religion* in general, a Fault unaccountably common in an Age which pretends to be ſo *Polite*.

AS to particular Religions, or rather Tenets in Religion, Men are generally warm in them from one of theſe two Reaſons, *viz.* Tenderneſs of Conſcience, or a high Senſe of their own Judg-

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Judgments. Men of plain Parts, and honeſt Diſpoſitions, look on Salvation as too ſerious a Thing to be jeſted with: A *Polite Man* therefore will be cautious of offending upon that Head, becauſe he knows it will give the Perſon to whom he ſpeaks, *Pain*, a thing ever oppoſite to the Character of a *poliſhed Philoſopher*. The latter Reaſon which I have aſſigned for Mens Zeal in religious Matters, may ſeem to have leſs Weight than the firſt; but he who conſiders it attentively, will be of another Opinion. Men of ſpeculative Religion, who are ſo from the Conviction rather of their Heads than their Hearts, are not a Bit leſs vehement than the real Devotees. He who ſays a ſlight or a ſevere thing of their Faith, ſeems, to them, to have thereby undervalu'd their Underſtandings, and will conſequently incur their Averſion, which no Man of common Senſe would hazard for a lively Expreſſion, much leſs a Perſon of good Breeding, who ſhould make it his chief Aim to be well with all. As a Mark of my own *Politeneſs*, I will here take leave of this Subject, ſince, by dropping it, I ſhall oblige the gay Part of my Readers; as, I flatter myſelf, I have already done the graver Part, from my manner of treating it.

Like ſome grave Matron of a noble Line,
With awful Beauty does Religion ſhine.

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Juſt Senſe ſhould teach us to revere the Dame,
Nor, by imprudent Jeſts, to ſpot her Fame.
In common Life you'll own this Reas'ning right,
That none but Fools *in groſs Abuſe delight:*
Then uſe it here — nor think our Caution vain,
To be polite, *Men need not be* profane.

NEXT to their Concerns in the other World, Men are uſually moſt taken up with the Concerns of the *Publick* here. The Love of our Country is among thoſe Virtues to which every Man thinks he ſhould pretend: And the Way in which this is generally ſhewn, is by falling into what we call *Parties*; where, if a large Share of good Senſe allay not that Heat which is naturally contracted from ſuch Engagements, a Man ſoon falls into all the Violences of *Faction*, and looks upon every one as his Enemy, who does not expreſs himſelf about the publick Good in the ſame Terms he does. This is a harſh Picture, but it is a juſt one, of the far greater Part of thoſe who are warm in political Diſputes. A *Polite Man* will therefore ſpeak, as ſeldom as he can, on Topicks, where, in a mix'd Company, it is almoſt impoſſible to ſay any thing that will pleaſe all.

To

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To ſay Truth, *Patriotiſm*, properly ſo called, is, perhaps, as ſcarce in this Age, as in any that has gone before us. Men appear to love themſelves ſo well, that it ſeems not altogether credible, they ſhould, at every turn, prefer their Country's Intereſt to their own. The Thing looks noble indeed, and therefore, like a becoming Habit, every Body would put it on. But this is Hypocriſy, you'll ſay, and therefore ſhould be *detected*. Here the *Polite Philoſopher* finds new Inducements to *Caution*. Sore Places are always tender; and People at a Maſquerade are in Pain if you do any Thing which may diſcover their Faces.

OUR Philoſophy is not intended to make a Man that *ſour Monitor* who points out Folks Faults, but to make them in love with their Virtues; *that is*, to make himſelf and them *eaſy* while he is with them, and to do or ſay nothing which on Reflection may make them leſs his Friends at their next Meeting.

LET us explain this a little farther. The Rules we offer are intended rather to guide Men in *Company*, than when *Alone*. What we advance tends not ſo directly to amend People's Hearts, as to regulate their Conduct; a Matter which we have already demonſtrated to be of no ſmall Im-

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portance. Yet I beg you will obſerve, that tho' *Morality* be not immediately our Subject, we are far however from requiring any Thing in our Pupils contrary thereto.

A *Polite Man* may yet be *Religious*; and, if his Reaſon be convinced, attach'd to any Intereſt which, in his Opinion, ſuits beſt with that of the *Publick*; provided he conform thus far to our *Syſtem*, that on no Occaſion he trouble others with the Articles of his *religious Creed*, or *political Engagements*; or, by any Stroke of *Wit* or *Raillery*, hazard for a Laugh that Diſpoſition of Mind which is abſolutely neceſſary to make Men *eaſy* when together.

WERE I indeed to indulge my own Sentiments, I ſhould ſpeak yet with greater Freedom on this Subject; ſince there is ſo vaſt a Diſproportion, when we come to compare thoſe who have really either a Concern in the Government, or the Service of their Country more particularly at Heart, and the Men who pretend to *either* merely from a Deſire of appearing of ſome Conſequence themſelves. We ought certainly to avoid making one of this Number, and aim rather at being *quiet* within ourſelves, and *agreeable* to thoſe among whom we live, let their political Notions be what they will; inaſmuch as this is a direct Road to Happineſs, which all Men profeſs they

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they would reach if they could. POMPONIUS ATTICUS, whose Character appears so amiable, from the concurring Testimony of all who mention him, owed the greatest Part of that Esteem in which he lived, and of that Reputation by which he still survives, unto his steady Adherence to this Rule. His Benevolence made him love Mankind in general, and his good Sense hinder'd him from being tainted with those Party-Prejudices which had bewitch'd his Friends. He took not up Arms for CÆSAR, nor did he abandon *Italy* when POMPEY withdrew with his Forces, and had, in outward Form, the *Sanction* of the Commonwealth. He saw too plainly the Ambition of both; yet he preserved his Complaisance for his Friends in each Party, without siding with either. Success never made them more welcome to POMPONIUS, nor could any Defeat lessen them in his Esteem. When victorious, he visited them, without sharing in their Power; and, when vanquished, he received them, without considering any thing but their Distress. In a few Words, he entertained no Hopes from the good Fortune of his Friends, nor suffer'd the Reverse of it to chill his Breast with Fear. His Equanimity produced a just Effect, and his universal Kindness made him universally beloved.

I FANCY this Picture of a Disposition, perfectly free from political Sourness, will have an agree-

agreeable Effect on many of my Readers, and prevent their falling into a common Miſtake, That the Circumſtances of publick Affairs, and the Characters of publick Perſons, are the propereſt Topicks for general Converſation: *whereas* they never conſider, that it is hard to find a Company, wherein ſome Body or other hath not either Liking or Diſtaſte, or has received Injuries or Obligations from thoſe who are likelieſt to be mentioned upon ſuch Occaſions; and who, conſequently, will be apt to put a ſerious Conſtruction on a ſlight Expreſſion, and remember afterwards in earneſt, what the Speaker meant ſo much a Jeſt as never to have thought of it more. Theſe perhaps may paſs, with ſome, for trivial Remarks; but, with thoſe who regard their own Eaſe, and have at all obſerved what conduces to make Men diſagreeable to one another, I flatter myſelf they will have more Weight.

BEHAVIOUR is like Architecture, the Symmetry of the whole pleaſes us ſo much, that we examine not into its Parts; which if we did, we ſhould find much Nicety required in forming ſuch a Structure; though, to Perſons of no Taſte, the Rules of either Art would ſeem to have little Connection with their Effects.

That

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That true Politeneſs we can only call,
Which looks like [a] JONES's *Fabrick at* Whitehall:
Where juſt Proportion we with Pleaſure ſee,
Tho' built by Rule, *yet from all* Stiffneſs *free.*
Tho' grand, yet plain, magnificent, not fine,
The Ornaments adorning the Deſign.
It fills our Minds with rational Delight,
And pleaſes on Reflection, as at Sight.

AFTER theſe Admonitions, as to *Religion* and *Politicks*, 'tis very fit we obſerve another Topick of modern Diſcourſe, of which it is hard to ſay, whether it be more common, or more contrary to true Politeneſs. What I mean, is the *reflecting* on Mens Profeſſions, and *playing* on thoſe general Aſperſions which have been fix'd on them by a ſort of Ill-Nature hereditary to the World: And with *this*, as the third Point which I promiſed to conſider, ſhall be ſhut up the more ſerious Part of this Eſſay.

IN order to have a proper Idea of this *Point*, we muſt, firſt of all, conſider, that the chief

[a] *The Banqueting-houſe.*

Cauſe

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Cauſe both of Love and Hatred is *Cuſtom.* When Men, from a long Habit, have acquired a *Facility* of thinking clearly, and ſpeaking well in any Science, they naturally like that better than any other; and this Liking in a ſhort time grows up to warmer Affection, which renders them impatient whenever their *darling Science* is decried in their Hearing. A *Polite Man* will have a care of ridiculing Phyſick before one of the *Faculty*; talking diſreſpectfully of Lawyers, while Gentlemen of the *Long-robe* are by; or ſpeaking contemptibly of the Clergy, when with any of that *Order.*

SOME Criticks may poſſibly object, that theſe are *Soleciſms* of too groſs a Nature for Men of tolerable Senſe or Education to be guilty of: But I appeal to thoſe who are moſt converſant in the World, whether this Fault, *glaring* as it is, be not committed every Day.

THE ſtricteſt Intimacy can never warrant Freedoms of this *Sort*; and it is indeed prepoſterous to think it ſhould, unleſs we can ſuppoſe Injuries are leſs *Evils* when they are done us by Friends, than when they come from other Hands.

Exceſs of Wit may oftentimes beguile:
Jeſts are not always pardon'd—by a Smile.

Men

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Men may diſguiſe their Malice at the Heart,
And ſeem at Eaſe——though pain'd with inward Smart.
Miſtaken we——think all ſuch Wounds, of courſe,
Reflection cures——Alas! it makes them worſe.
Like Scratches they with double Anguiſh ſeize,
Rankle in Time, and feſter by Degrees.

LET us now proceed to ſpeak of *Raillery* in general. *Invective* is a Weapon worn as commonly as a Sword, and, like *that*, is often in the Hands of thoſe who know not how to uſe it. Men of true Courage fight but ſeldom, and never draw but in their own Defence. *Bullies* are continually ſquabbling, and, from the Ferocity of their Behaviour, become the Terror of ſome Companies, and the Jeſt of more. This is juſt the Caſe with ſuch as have a Livelineſs of Thought, directed by a *Propenſity* to Ill-Nature: Indulging themſelves at the Expence of others, they, by degrees, incur the Diſlike of all. Meek Tempers abhor, Men of cool Diſpoſition deſpiſe, and thoſe addicted to *Choler* chaſtiſe them. *Thus* a Licentiouſneſs of *Tongue*, like a Spirit of *Rapine*, ſets one Man againſt all; and the Defence of Reputation, as well as Property, puts the human Spe-

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cies on regarding a malevolent Babbler with a worse Eye than a common Thief, because Fame is a Kind of Goods, which, when once taken away, can *hardly* be restored. Such is the Effigies of this human Serpent: And who, when he has consider'd it, would be thought to have sat for the Piece?

IT is a thousand to one my Book feels the Resentment of DRACO, from his seeing his own Likeness in this Glass.

A GOOD Family, but no Fortune, threw DRACO into the Army when he was very young. *Dancing*, *Fencing*, and a *Smattering* of *French*, are all the Education either his Friends bestowed, or his Capacity would allow him to receive. He has been now two Years in Town, and from *Swearing*, *Drinking*, and *Debauching* Country-Wenches (the general Rout of a military Rake) the Air of St. *James*'s has given his Vices a new turn. By dint of an embroider'd Coat, he thrusts himself into the *Beau* Coffee-houses, where a dauntless Effrontry, and a natural Volubility of Tongue, conspire to make him pass for a Fellow of Wit and Spirit.

A *Bastard Ambition* makes him envy every great Character; and as he has just Sense enough to know, that his Qualifications will never recommend

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mend him to the Eſteem of Men of Senſe, or the Favour of Women of Virtue, he has thence contracted an Antipathy to both; and, by giving a boundleſs looſe to univerſal Malice, makes continual War againſt *Honour* and *Reputation*, wherever he finds them.

HECATILLA is a female Firebrand, more dangerous, and more artfully *vindictive* than DRACO himſelf. Birth, Wit, and Fortune combine to render her conſpicous; while a ſplenetick Envy ſours her, otherwiſe amiable, Qualities, and makes her dreaded as a Poiſon *doubly* dangerous, grateful to the Taſte, yet mortal in Effect. All who ſee HECATILLA at a Viſit, where the Brilliancy of her Wit heightens the Luſtre of her Charms, are imperceptibly deluded into a Concurrence with her in Opinion, and ſuſpect not Diſſimulation under the Air of Frankneſs, nor a ſtudied Deſign of doing Miſchief in a ſeemingly caſual Stroke of Wit. The moſt ſacred Character, the moſt exalted Station, the faireſt Reputation, defend not againſt the infectious Blaſt of ſprightly Raillery; born on the Wings of *Wit*, and ſupported by a Blaze of *Beauty*, the fiery Vapour withers the ſweeteſt Bloſſoms, and communicates to all who hear her, an involuntary Diſlike to thoſe at whoſe Merit ſhe points her Satire.

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At Ev'ning thus the unſuſpecting Swain,
Returning homewards o'er a marſhy Plain,
Pleas'd, at a Diſtance ſees the lambent Light,
And, haſty, follows the miſchievous Sp'rit,
Through Brakes and Puddles, over Hedge and Stile,
Rambles, miſguided, many a weary Mile;
Confus'd, and wond'ring at the Space he's gone,
Doubts, then believes, and hurries faſter on:
The Cheat detected, when the Vapour's ſpent,
Scarce he's convinc'd, and hardly *can repent.*

NEXT to theſe Cautions with reſpect to Raillery, which, if we examine ſtrictly, we ſhall find no better than a well-bred Phraſe for ſpeaking ill of Folks, it may not be amiſs to warn our Readers of a certain *Vehemence* in Diſcourſe exceedingly ſhocking to others, at the ſame time that it not a little exhauſts themſelves.

IF we trace this Error to its Source, we ſhall find that the Spring of it is an Impatience at finding others differ from us in Opinion: And can there be any thing more unreaſonable, than to blame

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blame that Diſpoſition in them, which we cheriſh in ourſelves?

IF Submiſſion be a Thing ſo diſagreeable to us, why ſhould we expect it from them? Truth only can juſtify Tenaciouſneſs in Opinion. Let us calmly lay down what convinces us, and, if it is reaſonable, it will hardly fail of perſuading thoſe to whom we ſpeak. Heat begets Heat, and the Claſhing of Opinions ſeldom fails to ſtrike out the Fire of Diſſention.

AS this is a *Foible* more eſpecially incident to the Fair Sex, I think it will be highly neceſſary to offer another, and perhaps a more cogent Argument to their Conſideration. *Paſſion* is a prodigious Enemy to Beauty; it ruffles the ſweeteſt Features, diſcolours the fineſt Complexion, and, in a Word, gives the Air of a *Fury* to the Face of an *Angel*. Far be it from me to lay Reſtraints upon the Ladies; but, in diſſuading them from this Method of enforcing their Sentiments, I put them upon an eaſier Way of effecting what they deſire; for what can be denied to Beauty, when ſpeaking with an Air of Satisfaction? Complaiſance does all that Vehemence would extort, as Anger can alone abate the Influence of their Charms.

Serene

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Serene and mild we view the Ev'ning Air,
The pleaſing Picture of the ſmiling Fair,
A thouſand Charms our ſev'ral Senſes meet,
Cooling the Breeze, with fragrant Odours ſweet;
But ſudden if the ſable Clouds deform
The azure Sky, and threat the coming Storm,
Haſty we flee - - - e're yet the Thunders rore,
And dread what we ſo much admir'd before.

To *Vehemence* in Diſcourſe, let me join *Redundancy* in it alſo, a Fault flowing rather from *Careleſſneſs* than *Deſign*, and which is more *dangerous*, from its being more *neglected*. *Paſſion*, as I have hinted, excites Oppoſition; and that very Oppoſition, to a Man of tolerable Senſe, will be the ſtrongeſt Reproof for his Inadvertency: Whereas a Perſon of a loquacious Diſpoſition may often eſcape *open Cenſure* from the Reſpect due to his Quality, or from an Apprehenſion in thoſe with whom he converſes, that a Check would but increaſe the Evil, and, like curbing a hard-mouth'd Horſe, ſerve only to make him run the faſter; from whence the Perſon in Fault is often rivetted in his Error, by

by mistaking a silent Contempt for profound Attention.

PERHAPS this short Description may set many of my Readers right, which, whatever they may think of it, I assure them is of no small Importance. *Conversation* is a sort of *Bank*, in which all who compose it have their respective Shares. The Man therefore who attempts to engross it, trespasses upon the Rights of his Companions; and whether they think fit to tell him so, or no, will of consequence be regarded as no *fair Dealer*. Notwithstanding I consider Conversation in this Light, I think it necessary to observe, that it differs from other Copartnerships in one very material Point, which is this, that it is worse taken if a Man pays in more than his Proportion, than if he had not contributed his full *Quota*, provided he be not too far deficient: For the Prevention of which, let us have HORACE's Caution continually in our Eye.

The Indiscreet with blind Aversion run
Into one Fault, when they another shun.

IT is the peculiar Privilege of the *Fair*, that, speaking or silent, they never offend. Who can be weary of hearing the softest Harmony? Or who, without Pleasure, can behold *Beauty*, when his

his Attention is not diverted from her Charms by liſtening to her Words? I would have ſtopt here, but that my Deference for the *Ladies* obliges me to take notice, that ſome of their own Sex, when paſt the Noon of Life, or in their *Wane* of Power, from ſome other Reaſon, are apt to place an Inclination of obliging their Hearers amongſt thoſe Topicks of Detraction, by which they would reduce the Luſtre of thoſe Stars that now gild the Hemiſphere, where they once ſhone.

FROM this *Cauſe* only, I would adviſe the *Reigning Toaſts*, by an Equality of Behaviour, to avoid the Cenſure of theſe ill-natur'd *Tatlers*.

Such hapleſs Fate attends the Young and Fair;
Expos'd to open Force, and ſecret Snare:
Purſu'd by Men, warm with deſtructive Fire
Againſt their Peace, *while female Frauds conſpire.*
Eſcap'd from thoſe, in vain they hope for Reſt:
What Fame's ſecure from an invidious Jeſt?
By Flight the Deer, no more of Dogs afraid,
Falls by a Shot from ſome dark Covert made.
So envious Tongues *their foul Intentions hide,*
Wound, tho' unſeen, and kill e're they're deſcry'd.

OF all the *Follies* which Men are apt to fall into, to the *Diſturbance* of others, and *leſſening* of themſelves, there is none more intolerable than continual *Egotiſms*, and a perpetual Inclination to Self-panegyrick. The mention of this *Weakneſs* is ſufficient to expoſe it; ſince I think no Man was ever poſſeſſed of ſo warm an Affection for his own Perſon, as deliberately to aſſert, that it, and its Concerns, are proper Topicks to entertain Company. Yet there are many who, through Want of Attention, fall into this Vein, as ſoon as the *Converſation* begins to acquire Life: They lay hold of every Opportunity of *introducing* themſelves, *deſcribing* themſelves, and, if People are ſo dull as not to take the hint, of *commending* themſelves. Nay, what is more ſurprizing than all this, they are amazed at the Coldneſs of their Auditors; forgetting that the ſame Paſſion inſpires almoſt every Body, and that there is ſcarce a Man in the Room who has not a better Opinion of himſelf, than of any body elſe.

DISQUISITIONS of this ſort into *human Nature* belong *properly* unto *Sages* in *Polite Philoſophy*; for the firſt Principle of true Politeneſs is, not to offend againſt ſuch Diſpoſitions of the Mind as are almoſt inſeparable from our Species. To find out and methodize theſe, requires no ſmall Labour and Application. The Fruits of my

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Reſearches on this Subject I communicate freely to the Publick; but muſt, at the ſame time, exhort my *Readers* to ſpare now and then a few Minutes to ſuch Reflections, which will at leaſt be attended with this good Conſequence, that it will open a Scene which hath *Novelty*, that powerful Charm, to recommend it.

BUT I muſt beware of growing *ſerious* again; I'm afraid my Gravity may have diſobliged ſome of the *Beau-monde* already.

He who intends t'adviſe the Young and Gay,
Muſt quit the common Road---the formal Way
Which Hum-drum *Pedants take to make Folks wiſe,*
By praiſing Virtue, and decrying Vice.
Let Parſons *tell what dreadful Ills will fall*
On ſuch as liſten when their Paſſions call:
We from ſuch Things our Pupils to affright,
Say not they're Sins, *but that they're* Unpolite.
To ſhew their Courage, Beaus *would often dare*
By blackeſt Crimes to brave old Lucifer:

But

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But who, of Breeding nice, of Carriage civil,
Wou'd treſpaſs on good Manners for the Devil;
Or, merely to diſplay his Want of Fear,
Be damn'd hereafter, *to be laugh'd at* here?

IT cannot be expected from me, that I ſhould particularly criticiſe on all thoſe *Foibles* through which Men are offenſive to others in their Behaviour: Perhaps too, a Detail of this kind, however *exact*, might be thought *tedious*; it may be conſtrued into a Breach of thoſe Rules, for a ſtrict Obſervance of which I contend. In order therefore to *diverſify* a Subject which can no other way be treated agreeably, permit me to throw together a Set of Characters I once had the Opportunity of ſeeing, which will afford a juſt Picture of theſe *Marplots* in Converſation, and which my Readers, if they pleaſe, may call the Aſſembly of Impertinents.

THERE was a Coffee-houſe in that End of the Town where I lodged ſome Time ago, at which ſeveral Gentlemen uſed to meet of an Evening, who, from a happy Correſpondence in their *Humours* and *Capacities*, entertained one another agreeably from the Cloſe of the Afternoon, till it was Time to go to Bed.

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ABOUT ſix Months this *Society* ſubſiſted with great *Regularity*, though without any Reſtraint: Every Gentleman who frequented the Houſe, and had converſed with the *Erectors* of this occaſional Club, were invited to paſs an Evening, when they thought fit, in a Room one Pair of Stairs ſet apart for that Purpoſe.

THE Report of this Meeting drew one Night, when I had the Honour of being there, three Gentlemen of Diſtinction, who were ſo well known to moſt of the Members, that Admittance could not be refuſed them. One of them, whom I chuſe to call Major RAMBLE, turn'd of *threeſcore*, and who had an excellent Education, ſeized the Diſcourſe about an Hour before Supper, and gave us a very copious Account of the Remarks he had made in three Years Travels through *Italy*. He began with a geographical Deſcription of the Dominions of his *Sardinian* Majeſty, as Duke of *Savoy*; and, after a Digreſſion on the Fortifications of *Turin*, in ſpeaking of which he ſhewed himſelf a perfect Engineer, he proceeded to the ſecret Hiſtory of the Intrigues of that Court, from the Propoſal of the Match with *Portugal*, to the Abdication of King VICTOR AMADEUS. After this, he run over the general Hiſtory of *Milan*, *Parma*, and *Modena*; dwelt half an Hour on the Adventures of the laſt Duke of *Mantua*; gave

gave us a hasty Sketch of the Court of *Rome*; transferr'd himself from thence to the Kingdom of *Naples*; repeated the Insurrection of MASANIELLO; and, at a Quarter before Ten, finished his Observations with the Recital of what happened at the Reduction of that Kingdom to the Obedience of the present Emperor. What contributed to make this Conduct of his the more out of the way, was, that every Gentleman in the Room had been in *Italy* as well as he; and one of them, who was a Merchant, was the very Person at whose House the Major resided when at *Naples*. Possibly he might imagine the Knowledge they had in those things, might give them a greater Relish for his Animadversions; or, to speak more *candidly*, the Desire of displaying his own Parts, buried every other Circumstance in Oblivion.

JUST as the Major had done speaking, a Gentleman called for a Glass of Water, and happen'd to say, after drinking it, that he found his Constitution much mended since he had left off Malt-Liquor. Doctor HECTICK, another of the *Strangers*, immediately laid hold of this Opportunity, and gave us a large Account of the Virtues of Water, confirming whatever he advanced from the Works of the most eminent Physicians. From the main Subject he made an easy Transition to medicinal Baths and Springs: nor were his

Searches

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Searches bounded by our own Country; he condescended to acquaint us with the Properties of the Springs of *Bourbon*, particulariz'd the genuine Smell of *Spa* Water, applauded the wonderful Effects of the *Piermont Mineral*, and, like a true Patriot, wound up his Disquisitions with preferring *Astrop* Wells (within three Miles of which he was born) to them all. It was now turn'd of Eleven, when the *Major* and *Doctor* took their leaves, and went away together in a Hackney-coach.

THE Company seem'd inclinable to extend their usual Time of sitting, in order to divert themselves after the Night's Fatigue; when Mr. PAPILIO, the third New-comer, after two or three severe Reflections on the Oddity of some Peoples Humours, who were for imposing their own idle Conceits, as things worthy the Attention of a whole Company; tho', at the same time, their Subjects are *trivial*, and their Manner of treating them *insipid*. For my part, *continued he*, Gentlemen, most People do me the Honour to say, that few Persons understand *Medals* better than I do. To put the musty Stories of these queer old Men out of our Heads, I'll give you the History of a valuable *Medallion*, which was sent me about three Weeks ago from *Venice*. Without staying for any farther Mark of Approbation than *Silence*, he enter'd immediately on a long Dissertation; in which he had scarce proceeded

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ceeded ten Minutes, before his Auditors, losing all Patience, followed the Example of an old *Turkey* Merchant, who, taking up his Hat and Gloves, went directly down Stairs, without saying a Word.

ANIMADVERSIONS on what I have related, would but trespass on the Patience of my Readers; wherefore, in the Place of them, let me offer a few Remarks in Verse, where my Genius may be more at Liberty, and *Vivacity* atone for Want of *Method*,

Who would not chuse to shun the gen'ral Scorn,
And fly Contempt? --- a thing so hardly born.
This to avoid --- let not your Tales be long:
The endless Speaker's ever in the Wrong,
And all abhor Intemperance of Tongue.
Though, with a Fluency of easy Sounds,
Your copious Speech with every Grace abounds:
Tho' Wit adorn, and Judgment give it Weight,
Discretion must your Vanity abate,
E're your tir'd Hearers put Impatience on,
And wonder when the Larum will be down.

Nor

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Nor think, by Art, Attention can be wrought,
A Flux of Words will ever be a Fault.
Things without Limit, we by Nature blame,
And ſoon are cloy'd with Pleaſure, if the ſame.

HITHERTO we have dwelt only on the Blemiſhes of Converſation, in order to prevent our Readers committing ſuch Offences as abſolutely deſtroy all Pretences to *Politeneſs*. But as a Man cannot be ſaid to diſcharge the Duty he owes to Society, who contents himſelf with barely doing nothing amiſs; ſo Lectures on *Polite Philoſophy*, after removing theſe Obſtacles, may *reaſonably* be expected to point out the Method whereby true *Politeneſs* may be obtained. But, alas! that is not to be done by Words: Rocks and Tempeſts are eaſily painted, but the Rays of *Phœbus* defy the Pencil.

METHINKS I ſee my Auditors in ſurprize. What, ſay they, have we attended ſo long in vain? Have we liſten'd to no purpoſe? Muſt we content ourſelves with knowing how neceſſary a thing *Politeneſs* is, without being told how to acquire it? Why really, Gentlemen, it is juſt ſo. I have done all for you that is in my Power; I have ſhewn you what you are not to be: In a word,

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word, I have explained *Politeneſs* negatively; if you would know it poſitively, you muſt ſeek it from Company and Obſervation. However, to ſhew my own good Breeding, I will be your humble Servant as far as I can, *that is*, I'll open the Door, and introduce you, leaving you then at the ſingle Point where I can be of no further Uſe, *id eſt*, Application.

THE World is a great School, wherein Men are firſt to learn, and then to practiſe. As Fundamentals in all Sciences ought to be well underſtood, ſo a Man cannot be too attentive at his firſt becoming acquainted with the Publick: For Experience is a neceſſary Qualification in every diſtinguiſhed Character, and is as much required in a fine Gentleman, as in a Stateſman. Yet it is to be remark'd, that Experience is much ſooner acquired by ſome, than by others: For it does not conſiſt ſo much in a copious Remembrance of whatever has happened, as in a regular Retention of what may be uſeful. As a Man is properly ſtyled learned, from his making a juſt Uſe of Reading, and not from his having peruſed a multitude of Books.

AS ſoon as we have gained Knowledge, we ſhall find the beſt Way to improve it will be *Exerciſe*, in which two things are carefully to be avoided, *Poſitiveneſs* and *Affectation*. If to our

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Care in ſhunning them, we add a Deſire of obliging thoſe with whom we converſe, there is little Danger but that we become all we wiſh; and *Politeneſs*, by an imperceptible Gradation, will enter into our minuteſt Actions, and give a Poliſh to every thing we do.

Near to the far-extended Coaſts of Spain,
Some Iſlands triumph o'er the raging Main,
Where dwelt of old - - - as tuneful Poets ſay,
Slingers, who bore from all the Prize away.
While Infants yet - - - their feeble Nerves they try'd,
Nor needful Food, till won by Art, ſupply'd.
Fix'd was the Mark - - - the Youngſter, oft in vain,
Whirl'd the miſguided Stone with fruitleſs Pain;
Till, by long Practice, to Perfection brought,
With eaſy Slight their former Task they wrought.
Swift from their Arm th' unerring Pebble flew,
And, high in Air, the fluttering Victim ſlew.

So

So in each Art Men riſe but by degrees,
And Months of Labour lead to Years of Eaſe.

THE Duke DE ROCHEFAUCAUT, who was eſteem'd the moſt brilliant Wit in *France*, ſpeaking of *Politeneſs*, ſays, That a Citizen will hardly acquire it at Court, and yet may eaſily attain it in the Camp. I ſhall not enter into the Reaſon of this, but offer my Readers a *ſhorter*, *pleaſanter*, and more *effectual* Method of arriving at the Summit of genteel Behaviour, *that is*, by converſing with the *Ladies*.

THOSE who aim at Panegyrick, are wont to aſſemble a Throng of glittering Ideas, and then, with great Exactneſs, clothe them with all the Elegance of Language, in order to their making the moſt magnificent Figure, when they come abroad in the World. So copious a Subject as the Praiſes of the *Fair*, may, in the Opinion of my Readers, lay me under great Difficulties in this Reſpect. Every Man of good Underſtanding, and fine Senſe, is in pain for one who has undertaken ſo hard a Task: Hard indeed to me, who, from many Years Study of the Sex, have diſcover'd ſo many Perfections in them, as ſcarce as many more Years would afford me Time to expreſs. However, not to diſappoint my Readers or myſelf, by foregoing that *Pleaſure* I feel in do-

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ing Juſtice to the moſt amiable Part of the Creation, I will indulge the natural Propenſity I have to their Service, and paint, tho' it be but in Miniature, the Excellencies they poſſeſs, and the Accompliſhments which, by Reflexion, they beſtow.

As when ſome Poet, happy in his Choice
Of an important Subject - - - tunes his Voice
To ſweeter Sounds, and more exalted Strains,
Which from a ſtrong Reflexion he attains.
As HOMER, *while his Heroes he records,*
Transfuſes all their Fire into his Words.
So we, intent the charming Sex *to pleaſe,*
Act with new Life, and an unwonted Eaſe;
Beyond the Limits of our Genius ſoar,
And feel an Ardour quite unknown before.

THOSE who, from wrong Ideas of Things, have forced themſelves into a Diſlike of the *Sex*, will be apt to cry out, Where would this Fellow run? Has he ſo long ſtudied Women, and does he not know what Numbers of *affected Prudes*, *gay Coquettes*, and *giddy Impertinents* there are amongſt them? - - - Alas! Gentlemen, what Miſtakes are theſe?

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theſe? How will you be ſurpriz'd, if I *prove* to you, that you are in the ſame Sentiments with me, and that you could not have ſo warm Reſentments at theſe *Peccadilloes*, if you did not think the Ladies more than mortal?

ARE the Faults you would paſs by in a Friend, and ſmile at in an Enemy, Crimes of ſo deep a Dye in them as not to be forgiven? And can this flow from any other Principle, than a Perſuaſion that *they* are more perfect in their Nature than *we*, and their Guilt the greater therefore, in departing, even in the ſmalleſt Degree, from that Perfection? Or can there be a greater Honour to the Sex, than this Dignity, which even their Enemies allow them, to ſay, *Truth*, *Virtue*, and *Women* owe leſs to their Friends than to their Foes; ſince the Vicious, in both Caſes, charge their own Want of Taſte on the *Weakneſs* of human Nature, purſue groſſer Pleaſures becauſe they are at Hand, and neglect the more refined, as Things of which their Capacities afford them no Idea.

Born with a ſervile Guſt to ſenſual Joy,
Souls of low Taſte the ſacred Flame deſtroy,
By which, allied to the etherial Fire,
Celeſtial Views the Hero's *Thoughts inſpire:*

Teach

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Teach him in a ſublimer Path to move,
And urge him on to Glory and to Love;
Paſſions which only give a Right to Fame,
To preſent Bliſs, and to a deathleſs Name.
While thoſe mean Wretches, with juſt Shame o'erſpread,
Live on unknown --- and are, unheard of, dead.

MR. DRYDEN, who knew human Nature perhaps as well as any Man who ever ſtudied it, has given us a juſt Picture of the *Force* of *Female* Charms, in the Story of CYMON and IPHIGENIA. BOCCACE, from whom he took it, had adorn'd it with all the *Tinſel Finery* an *Italian* Compoſition is capable of: The *Engliſh* Poet, like moſt *Engliſh* Travellers, gave *Sterling* Silver in Exchange for that ſuperficial Gilding, and beſtowed a Moral where he found a Tale. He paints in CYMON a Soul buried in a Confuſion of Ideas, informed with ſo little Fire, as ſcarce to ſtruggle under the Load, or afford any Glimmerings of Senſe. In this Condition he repreſents him ſtruck with the Rays of IPHIGENIA's Beauty; kindled by them, his *Mind* exerts its Powers, his intellectual Faculties ſeem to *awake*, and that uncooth Ferocity of Manners, by which he

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he had hitherto been diſtinguiſhed, gave way to an obliging Behaviour, the natural Effect of Love.

THE *Moral* of this *Fable* is a Truth which can never be inculcated too much. It is to the *Fair Sex* we owe the moſt ſhining Qualities of which ours is Maſter: As the *Antients* inſinuated, with their uſual Addreſs, by painting both the *Virtues* and *Graces* as Females. Men of *true* Taſte feel a natural Complaiſance for Women when they converſe with them, and fall, without knowing it, upon every Art of Pleaſing; which is the Diſpoſition, at once the moſt grateful to others, and the moſt ſatisfactory to ourſelves. An intimate Acquaintance with the other *Sex*, fixes this *Complaiſance* into a *Habit*, and that *Habit* is the very Eſſence of *Politeneſs*.

NAY, I preſume to ſay, *Politeneſs* can be no other way attained. Books may furniſh us with right Ideas, Experience may improve our Judgments; but it is the Acquaintance of the *Ladies* only which can beſtow that *Eaſineſs* of Addreſs, *whereby* the *fine Gentleman* is diſtinguiſh'd from the *Scholar*, and the Man of *Buſineſs*.

THAT my Readers may be perfectly ſatisfy'd in a Point which I think of ſo great Importance, let us examine this a little more ſtrictly.

THERE

THERE is a certain *conſtitutional Pride* in Men, which hinders their yielding in Point of *Knowledge*, *Honour*, or *Virtue* to one another: *This* immediately forſakes us at the Sight of *Woman*; and the being accuſtomed to ſubmit to the Ladies, gives a new Turn to our *Ideas*, and opens a Path to *Reaſon*, which ſhe had not trod before. Things appear in another Light, and that Degree of *Complacency* ſeems now a *Virtue*, which heretofore we regarded as a *Meanneſs*.

I HAVE dwelt the longer on the Charms of the *Sex*, ariſing from the *Perfection* viſible in their exterior Compoſition, becauſe there is the ſtrongeſt *Analogy* between them and the Excellencies which from a nicer Inquiry we diſcover in the *Minds* of the *Fair*. As they are diſtinguiſhed from the robuſt Make of *Man* by that *Delicacy* expreſs'd by *Nature*, in their *Form*, ſo the Severity of maſculine Senſe is ſoften'd by a *Sweetneſs* peculiar to the *Female Soul*. A native Capacity of Pleaſing attends them through every Circumſtance of Life, and what we improperly call the *Weakneſs* of the *Sex*, gives them a Superiority unattainable by *Force*.

THE Fable of the *North-wind* and the *Sun* contending to make the Man throw off his Cloak, is not an improper Picture of the ſpecifick Difference

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rence between the Powers of either Sex. The bluſtering Fierceneſs of the *former*, inſtead of producing the Effect at which it aimed, made the Fellow but wrap himſelf up the cloſer; yet no ſooner did the Sun-Beams play, than that which before protected, became now an Incumbrance.

JUST ſo, that *Pride* which makes us *tenacious* in Diſputes between Man and Man, when applied to the *Ladies*, inſpires us with an Eagerneſs not to *contend*, but to *obey*.

TO ſpeak ſincerely and philoſophically, *Women* ſeem deſign'd by *Providence* to ſpread the ſame Splendour and Chearfulneſs through the intellectual Oeconomy, that the celeſtial Bodies diffuſe over the material Part of the Creation. Without them we might indeed *contend*, *deſtroy*, and *triumph* over one another. *Fraud* and *Force* would divide the World between them, and we ſhould paſs our Lives, like Slaves, in continual Toil, without the Proſpect of Pleaſure or Relaxation.

IT is the Converſation of *Women* that gives a proper *Biaſs* to our Inclinations, and, by abating the *Ferocity* of our Paſſions, engages us to that *Gentleneſs* of Deportment, which we ſtyle *Humanity*. The Tenderneſs we have for them ſoftens the Ruggedneſs of our own Nature, and the *Vir-*

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tues we put on to make the better Figure in their Eyes, keep us in Humour with ourselves.

I SPEAK it without Affectation or Vanity, that no Man has applied more assiduously than myself to the Study of the *Fair Sex*; and I aver it with the greatest *Simplicity* of Heart, that I have not only found the most engaging and most amiable, but also the most generous and most heroick Qualities amongst the *Ladies*; and that I have discover'd more of *Candour*, *Disinterestedness*, and *Fervour* in their Friendships, than in those of our own Sex, though I have been very careful, and particularly happy in the Choice of my Acquaintance.

MY Readers will, I dare say, observe, and indeed I desire they should, a more than ordinary Zeal for inculcating a high Esteem of, and a sincere Attachment to the *Fair*. What I propose from it, is, to *rectify* certain Notions, which are not only destructive of all *Politeness*, but, at the same time, detrimental to *Society*, and incompatible with the Dignity of human Nature. These have of late Years spread much amongst those who assume to themselves the Title of *Fine Gentlemen*; and, in Consequence thereof, talk with great Freedom of those from whom they are in no danger of being called to an account. There is so much of *Baseness*, *Cowardice*, and Contempt

of

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of *Truth* in this way of treating those who are alone capable of making us *truly* and *rationally* happy, that to consider the Crime, must be sufficient to make a reasonable Man abhor it. *Levity* is the best Excuse for a transient Slip of this Kind; but to persist in it, is evidently descending from our own Species, and, as far as we are able, putting on the Brute.

Fram'd to give Joy, the lovely Sex are seen,
Beauteous their Form, *and heavenly in their* Mein;
Silent, they charm the pleas'd Beholder's Sight,
And speaking, strike us with a new Delight:
Words, when pronounc'd by them, bear each a Dart,
Invade our Ears, and wound us to the Heart.
To no ill Ends the glorious Passion sways,
By Love *and* Honour *bound, the Youth obeys;*
Till, by his Service won, the grateful Fair
Consents, in Time, to ease the Lover's Care,
Seals all his Hopes, and, in the bridal Kiss,
Gives him a Title to untainted Bliss.

I CHUSE to put an End to my Lecture on *Politeneſs* here, becauſe, having ſpoke of the Ladies, I would not *deſcend* again to any other Subject. In the Current of my Diſcourſe, I have taken Pains to ſhew the *Uſe* and *Amiableneſs* of that Art which this *Treatiſe* was written to recommend; and have drawn, in as ſtrong Colours as I was able, thoſe *Soleciſms* in Behaviour, which Men, either through *Giddineſs* or a wrong Turn of *Thought*, are moſt likely to commit.

PERHAPS the *Grave* may think I have made *Politeneſs* too important a Thing, from the Manner in which I have treated it: Yet, if they will but reflect, that a *Stateſman* in the moſt auguſt Aſſembly, a *Lawyer* of the deepeſt Talents, and a Divine of the greateſt Parts, muſt *notwithſtanding* have a large Share of *Politeneſs*, in order to engage the Attention, and *biaſs* the Inclinations of his Hearers, before he can *perſuade* them, they'll be of another Opinion, and confeſs that ſome Care is due to acquiring that *Quality* which muſt ſet off all the reſt.

THE gayer Part of my Readers may, *probably*, find fault with thoſe Reſtraints which may reſult from the *Rules* I have here laid down: But I would have theſe Gentlemen remember, that I *point* out a Way *whereby*, without the Trouble of *Study*,

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Study, they may be enabled to make no deſpicable Figure in the World; which, on mature Deliberation, I flatter myſelf they will think no ill Exchange. The *Ladies* will, I hope, repay my Labours, by not being diſpleaſed with this Offer of my *Service*. And *thus*, having done all in my Power towards making *Folks* agreeable to one another, I pleaſe me with the Hopes of having procured a favourable Reception for myſelf.

When gay PETRONIUS, *to correct the Age,*
Gave way, of old, to his ſatirick Rage;
This motly Form he for his Writings choſe,
And checquer'd lighter Verſe with graver Proſe.
When, with juſt Malice, he deſign'd to ſhow,
How far unbounded Vice, at laſt, would go.
In Proſe we read the execrable Tale,
And ſee the Face of Sin *without a Veil;*
But when his Soul, *by ſome ſoft Theme inſpir'd,*
The Aid of tuneful Poetry requir'd,
His Numbers with peculiar Sweetneſs ran,
And in his eaſy Verſe we ſee the Man.

Learn'd,

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Learn'd, without Pride, *of Taste correct, yet free,*
Alike from Niceness, *and from* Pedantry:
Careless of Wealth, yet liking decent Show,
In fine, by Birth a Wit, *by Trade a* Beau.
Freely he censur'd a licentious Age,
And him I copy, tho' with chaster Page;
Expose the Evils in which Brutes delight,
And shew how safe 'tis to be Polite.
Exhort our erring Youth - - - to mend in Time,
And Lectures give - - - for Mem'ry's sake, in Rhime,
Teaching this ART - - - *to pass through Life at Ease,*
Pleas'd in ourselves, while all around we please.

FINIS.

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